



PUBLISHED DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY BY  
HUGH SNOWDEN.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 15.

"These signs have marked me extraordinary,  
And at the course of my life do show,  
I am not in the roll of common men."

When Gen. Grant reaches Philadelphia to-morrow he will have completed his journey round the world, and, taken in connection with the manner in which he has been received all through the entire route, the reception he will meet there may well recall to his memory, if he ever held them there, the above lines of Shakespeare. Indeed it is more than probable that better and wiser men than Gen. Grant, were they in his place, would experience the emotions expressed by these lines, and attribute the cause to their own greatness rather than to the true one, the instinctive predilection of humanity to man worship and popular delusion. His reception abroad was a continuous ovation and that at home an invariable succession of triumphs; but while superficial observers have looked upon the latter simply in the light of gorgeous pageantry intended merely to honor the commander of the army that preserved the Union, those who know that things are not what they seem, and who are not satisfied until they scratch the surface and look beneath, imagine they see free institutions, the liberty of the people, and the sovereignty of the States, as captives chained, behind his triumphal car. That it may not be so, is the prayer of all patriots; that it may be so, and be made so by the assistance of those who wish it otherwise, but who would choose it as the lesser of the evils presented, is the fear of many of the wisest men and truest friends of the country.

The Alexandria Gazette denies that it advised the Conservatives in the Legislature to vote for General Mahone for United States Senator, and says it never expected them to do so. Well, we gave your words; so we have done you no injustice. We understood you to mean just what we said.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

These are the "words" the Dispatch says: "The inevitable case with United States Senators from the South, elected as bellers or independents over the regular Democratic nominees, has been that they proved to be as good and true Democrats as any in that body, and such we believe will be the case with Gen. Mahone."

These words occurred in an article urging the Conservatives of the State, in view of the then apparent fact that General Mahone would be elected United States Senator, to cease their abuse of him, so far at least as his federal politics were concerned, and thereby lessen, if not entirely remove, the danger of driving him and the voters he controls over to the Republicans, in which case the State would be reduced to a terrible condition and the democratic majority in the Senate imperiled; and if they imply that we advised the Conservatives of the Legislature to vote for General Mahone, then, indeed, are words intended to conceal rather than convey ideas.

If neither the tariff nor the currency is to be legislated upon at this session of Congress, and such is the expressed intention of the republicans, and, strange to say, majority of the democrats seem to be inclined the same way, we don't see why the session should be prolonged to the first of May, the time designated by Mr. Speaker Randall for its termination. There is no doubt that most if not all the evils that have befallen this country have resulted from legislation, but that is no reason why measures of policy that can only redound to the public good should not be adopted, and if the democrats don't avail themselves of the rare opportunity afforded them at present of reversing two of the best doctrines the old syllabus of their party contained—money about which there can be no variances nor shadow of turning, and free trade—they will deserve the defeat which their present vagaries and interminable squabbles indicate us to fear is in store for them.

Now that Mr. Hayes begins to find out that his recent currency recommendations have some support among the members of his own party, his back bone has become strengthened a little, and he reiterates his belief in the wisdom of those recommendations and in the benefits that will accrue to the country from their adoption.

It is reported that a petition will be entered in the U. S. Court of Baltimore soon for the appointment of a receiver for the C. & O. Canal.

We have received a pamphlet copy of the essay on Andrew Jackson and the United States Bank, by W. L. Royal, of Richmond, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. This article by Mr. Royal is one of the most readable of the series written on subjects connected with the finances of the country, and has deservedly been highly commended.

The Virginia Educational Journal for December has been received.

**Prostration.**—The services in the new Reformed Episcopal Church in this city yesterday were interrupted by the sudden prostration of Mr. Payne, the clergyman. In one of the climaxes of his exhortation he lost consciousness and fell behind his pulpit from the view of his congregation. There was an immediate rush among those present to his aid, and still unconscious he was borne on the arms of four gentlemen to the residence of a parishioner near by, and medical attendance was called. He had been stricken down by an attack of heart disease, from which he had been suffering for some time. Last night he was still alive, but his condition was regarded as critical.

**For Liberia.**—New York, Dec. 15.—This morning the bark Mouravia sailed from her anchorage, off Governor's Island, for Liberia, having on board seventy-five negro emigrants of both sexes. There were also ten cabin passengers of the vessel.

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And for a still more powerful charm,  
Cottrel's leg and fillet's right arm!

We soon learned that victory has its trials and difficulties no less than defeat. Indeed, sir, we on this side are enjoying a halcyon calm, whilst the disturbed brow of the majority and the trembling, almost pathetic, glances which the leader of the readjusters, the member from Rockbridge, has made to the condition of the lobby demonstrate that there is a threatened epidemic, a fearful proximity to

That climax of all earthly ills  
The inflammation of their weekly bills.

There is evidently a tremor in the camp, a danger of disaffection among the crowds that have assembled to clutch at the smaller spoils which the Imperial Vulture cannot or does not care to gorge. The leaves and fishes are obviously and grossly inadequate, and as there is nothing in the surroundings to invoke or even justify the hope of a miracle, there will be no compensating "baskets of fragments." Indeed, the whole situation forcibly recalls the dilemma which once befell an old clerk of the Church of England. He had been accustomed from time immemorial to cheat the pious under the dispensation of Stenhold and Hopkins, but a change—a "readjustment," as we would say nowadays—was ordered for the lines of David. The old clerk, after making a fruitless protest, agreed to make a trial of the new version the next Sabbath, with what result you may judge when you hear that about the close of the first stanza he looked up at the person with mingled anger and despair, exclaiming, "What's to be done now?"

The time has given out, and still here is the whole of our session—unusual and if by chance, there be any political "Leviathan" sitting at the receipt of custom under our new dispensation, they will find it equally difficult to force, to furnish "consolidation" to the crowds of hungry and clamorous applicants. Badinage apart, Mr. Speaker, was there ever a more mournful spectacle than that exhibited here last Wednesday, when that file of maimed soldiers war, sent overboarded out of this House, as who should say, "Go it, ye cripples!" and "stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once!"—turned out, as far as a cruel heartless majority were concerned, to die or to solicit the cold charities of the world? The most of these are utterly incapable of maintaining themselves. Sir, they have not been a more ignoble victory won since that momentary scene wherein the great dramatist makes Falstaff ask and how the dead body of Henry Hotspur lay on the field of battle—another proof that Shakespeare had sounded the depths of human depravity as well as sealed the heights of human glory, and writing for all time as for all peoples, thus furnished a type and foreshadowed the means and cruelty that would be enacted in the closing years of the nineteenth century! If we needed a more potent battle cry or a more exciting political manifesto with which to go before the people of Virginia we need only send forth a photograph of these poor maimed soldiers as "mournfully and slowly" they obeyed the order of "retreat," to which they were so little accustomed—and if the picture were not sufficiently "speaking" in itself, we need but add the thought that pierces all sensitive hearts, and which finds vent in the words that rush to our lips:

"Alas! for Virginia! her pride has gone by,  
And that spirit is broken which never would bend,  
O'er the ruin, in secret, her children must sigh,  
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend."

"Upripped are her roses, till they've learned to betray,  
Unrewarded they live if they shame not their sires,  
And the torch which would light them through dignity's way,  
Must be caught at the pile where their country expires."

Speech of Mr. Johnson in the House of Representatives, December 11th.

The following is the speech delivered by Hon. B. Johnson in the House of Representatives, December 11th.

Mr. Speaker.—We are so near the close of the first act of a bloody farce that I hope you and the House will pardon me for approaching the main object of my speech in my own desultory way.

When the member from Augusta (General Echols) alluded yesterday to the barrenness of our session, from its commencement to the present time, I could but recall a parallel passage in English history which records that upon one occasion the Virgin Queen for whom our State is named, and who always had a keen eye for business, asked my Lord Bacon, "What had passed in Parliament?" and he of Virginia, with a wit as keen as his intellect was grand, replied, "Please your Majesty, six weeks have passed!" Preserving the proportion between an Imperial Parliament and a State Legislature we have already wasted six days, with what prospective trifling no one on this side of the House can undertake to forecast.

Indeed, sir, from the beginning of the session we have been treated like legislators and more like prisoners on parole—ordered to report like criminals every day at 12 m., meeting to show, I presume, that we had not abandoned to our respective constituencies.

This was the first, though far from being the only disillusion which fell upon a young legislator—youth, I mean, in respect of service, for I have too many of the insignias of age to "play infancy" in any other respect.

Why, sir, the avowal on this side of the hall had supposed that the eager patriots on the other would hardly have allowed the benediction of the Godly man to be over—indeed, they imagine that whilst his "amen" was still vibrating in the air like some Arabian incense, that at least half a dozen irrepressible readjusters would have leaped to their feet to hurl defiance at the McCulloch settlement—and some of the more timorous of us had dreaded the issuance of a legislative warrant for the arrest of that architect, the aforesaid Hugh McCulloch, who was stupid enough to mistake our sarcastic invitation to Richmond last winter for a bona fide profession of hospitality, and when caught, that he was to be tied to a stake in the Capitol Square and slowly roasted, on burning piles of paper bonds and not due coupons, along with poor Jack Mayo and some other wretched funders, over whose defeat there has been such savage gloom (I do not include Fitz Lee in this category because I am jealous, excluding anything that would wound the sensibilities of our brethren), but the sorrowful disillusion was forced upon us; that all the noise of the canvass about the State debt, and all the pathetic recitals of the "turdiness" on Virginia, only meant that the readjusters were mounted on popular hobbies as on stalking horses to ride into power. They were in truth revamping the "old, old story" of the man who undertook to collect a debt for half of the amount, and when the anxious creditor met him some time thereafter, and asked him how he was getting along with the business he coolly replied that "he had collected his half